

# TOPPER

NOVEMBER / DEC / 80x



A PSYCHOLOGIST LOOKS AT CAMPUS SEX. BEBOPANT RACING? IN CALIFORNIA, OF COURSE. THE MAKING OF A SOCIETY QUEEN. FOOTBALL SEDUCING? UNDER THEOLOGY. A MILLION-DOLLAR RASH. A DISSERTATION ON THE LOST ART OF BOTTOM-RUNCHING. FROM FETTERED SATIRE AND PLENTY OF THE MINDS FAIR!

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*"It's Great", say these  
sophisticated young  
Americans although IT  
is still their biggest problem!*

**W**hat's the trouble with sex? We asked a thousand college students, and they told us in no uncertain terms.

But before we get too deeply into the subject, let us quickly point out that many of the men and women we interviewed found no trouble with sex at all. These students were somewhat surprised and a little annoyed at our implication that sex is troublesome. "Sex is good," said a dimple-cheeked, little redhead. "It's A O.K.," added a willowy blonde. "There's not a thing the matter with it," drawled a foot-

## SEX ON Campus Today!

ball player. "It's nice," agreed a tall, skinny, shy boy.

These were young people in our sample who have had a wholesome upbringing in connection with sex—whose parents have not been ashamed of sex, and so have had no cause to hide it or be secretive. For them, sex is something wonderful, something that can move the world, something that provides for intimate self-expression and exciting personal growth.

Lining up against these optimists, however, we found a much larger group, who, while they agree that sex

(continued on next page following)

Article by Peter Van Petten, Ph.D., Counseling Psychologist





Continued from previous page

is more pointed to the many kinds of frustrations that we bring with it. They tell us "the girls that they love to love for the student are never disappointed."

One of the biggest pains that young people have is pay for sex apparently consists of the guilt feelings and the shame feelings that may come with sex. Two many people think of sex as something that is dirty. Anyone who comes in contact with sex therefore, also is tainted because dirty. "The trouble with sex," a security girl told us "is that people make it dirty." "Sex depraves people," a literary pledge suggested. "Too many people think of it as lust," a girl working in the library retorted.

A considerable number of students, especially girls, believe that too much attention is devoted to sex. "They never find made sex the prime point of all of man's actions. It has dominated our literature, sciences, a psychology student told us.

"Everything is sex now-a-days," he continued. "No matter where you turn, the first thing you see is sex. It's on the billboards and in the movies. It's in our books and on our record boxes. It's everywhere. The other day my father brought home a little magazine that one of the girls in the office gave him to read. It was a complete package by a slick magazine firm. The first page shows a boy girl displaying jewelry. The last page shows a boy girl sitting in a low plastic chair. A magazine devoted to rocks. It could put in really have been a magazine devoted to plumbing, electricity, or log food for that matter."

The statements of sex expressed by our leading psychologists were reduced over and over again as we talked to other students. "Sex is overemphasized," they said. "We talk too much about it." "It is preached and propaganda!" "It is commercialized and sold too much."

"Yes, the way other commodity feel, the law of supply and demand," a student who wants to major in sex science told us. "If you don't see how every billboard and every magazine cover, then sex becomes so abundant that its mystery soon fades and you're shocked for it happens. When everybody talks sex and sex only, you get fed up with it."

Quite a number of the college girls interviewed by us not only feel that too much attention is paid to sex, but that it is too easy to get. "That's all the boys think of," a female economics

student volunteered. "Because of the abundant supply of sex, its value and mystery, perhaps have diminished."

One of the morning students we interviewed, put it this way: "The believe you go out with today expect you to give sex to them. If you don't, before a week or a month and you have to run home tight and watch television."

The sex act of the college girls interviewed by us was of the mind. A number of the girls complained that, at least in their lives, there was not enough sex. And some of the girls said that they had none at all.

Many of the young men interviewed told that there is not enough sex in their lives. In this respect, they differed markedly from the young women interviewed. The reason for this difference is in part physiological and is part psychological. Physiologically the two sexes are different in the two sexes are different. Males are driven sex-driven. They come quickly, cheaply, and then return to quiescence. A woman's sex drive on the other hand, are evolved. They take more time to attain to a crescendo and more time to abate—with the result that the need for sex in women is not quite so urgent as it is in men.

The physiological reason for the difference between the sexes in the need for sex is an extension of the difference between the sexes in the attitudes displayed toward the sex act. For men, sex is often a gustatory experience. For women it is a satisfying experience. Here they themselves are the same as women had done ages. A girl in our national museum described this difference for us when she said that, "The opposite sex push the sex as a dinner or dinner, my date wants to get on my back. The boys feel that for them, sex is all experience and so look forward to it. The girls on the other hand, too often feel that for them sex is a form of giving as a form of self-expression, and not that they don't like."

A few of the men interviewed claimed that there was too much sex in their lives. There was because of their good looks or because of their easy access to female companionship. But they were too often misled by the date's backlogs. Dick Johnson, law student, has shoulders and arms, remarked: "What sex I do? The girl likes to hang on me. I take a girl out to a dance, and go back to me at three o'clock, and all over me. I get fed up. I think there's too much sex."

Too much in too little and. Quite a number of students we interviewed were not so much concerned with quantity of sex as with quality. The female with sex they suggested us, "That is a always takes wrong." Sex

is too often missed," a male writing on the student paper told us. "It is used in directed ways," an out-of-state student commented. "It is used wrongly. It is used badly. It is used improperly. It is made fun of. It is taken for granted. It is wasted. It is abused." There were the statements most commonly repeated. "It is not just that it is wrong," a student who plans to become a teacher suggested. "but the way we interpret it and the way we use it."

In this point we are wrong, we decided to consult our friend, Webster, to learn from him how we should be defined and how it should be used. Says Webster for a "working definition with social qualifications in the eyes for them, especially the attitudes of individuals of one sex for those of the other." The proper use of sex as applied in the definition, has been to stand qualifications that, inevitably, however believing that accepts you and wants to make other folk believe is not exclusively money or power. It is social, intellectual, and ethical as well.

In 1940 the German magazine *Revue* ran a contest among its readers to determine what it is that attracts one sex to the other. More than ten thousand of the respondents suggested that looks and sexual love are by no means the only or the most important reasons why we are attracted to the opposite sex. The readers of *Revue* came up with more than one hundred reasons. Why these reasons are listed they refuse to show here, which means that only for sex attraction. First we are attracted to members of the opposite sex because they are people. Second, we are attracted to members of the opposite sex because we want to spend they are like us and so provide us with a reflection of ourselves. Third, we are attracted to members of the opposite sex because in many respects they are different from us and so provide us with opportunities for growth and fulfillment.

In the same issue, sex is a composite of isolated attention, original reflection and complementary observation, and if these behaviors are carried on under established customs and norms of our culture, then sex has proper sex.

The better way in which sex is taught in our culture has led to much ignorance and misunderstanding about sex. The need for enlightened education about sex is reflected in the statements made by the students we interviewed. Many of them feel that they don't know enough about sex, with the result that any behavior made ununderstood. A few of the students we interviewed that young people know too much about sex too early, and so have

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FOOTBALL SPECTATING ... FOR BETTER, OR WORSE SATURDAYS!



Article by Mike Edwards

*It's not who wins, but how the game is sinned!*

CERTAIN PEOPLE BELIEVE THAT WE SHOULD HAVE FOOTBALL, BASEBALL, HOCKEY AND SO ON SATURDAY AFTERNOON FROM 1:00 UNTIL THE LATE EVENING. THE PROBLEM WITH FOOTBALL, BASEBALL OR HOCKEY IS THAT THERE IS AT LEAST A SOME SLEEPING PLACE FOR THE PEOPLE WHO WANT TO WATCH THE GAME. IN THE CASE OF FOOTBALL, BASEBALL AND HOCKEY, THE PEOPLE WHO WANT TO WATCH THE GAME CAN GO TO THE STADIUM, STAND BEHIND THE GOALPOST AND WATCH THE GAME. BUT IN THE CASE OF FOOTBALL, THE PEOPLE WHO WANT TO WATCH THE GAME CAN GO TO THE STADIUM, STAND BEHIND THE GOALPOST AND WATCH THE GAME.

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The



AFTER TOO MANY REVELATIONS, THERE COMES A MOMENT WITH ONLY SLIGHTLY VARYING DETAILS.

The sun was already hot and white on the plaster of the buildings and on the stones when Blue came down the hill from the hotel. At the foot of the hill where the breakwater began its long graceful curve out through the lovely blue water, darker on the sea side but still the same blue, the soldier with the young beard saw that he was not carrying the typewriter and was disappointed. In the dust of the street a one-eyed game cock wallowed luxuriantly, and in the shade across the street several people of the village stood respectful of the soldier, and sitting on the rocks far out at the end of the breakwater, the mad girl was singing.

The soldier who was guarding the breakwater and guilty to hide his disappointment, "Today you will not write of the revolution."

"No," Cameron Blue said. "I am a historian. I do not write of revolutions any more. Only of people."

"It is the same thing," the soldier said. "I believe it is the same thing."

"It is possible," Blue said. "At least it is not impossible if you have a certain frame of mind."

"Yes," the soldier said. "I believe—"

"That is the frame of mind," Blue

*(continued on next page)*

# Historian

## The Historian

and, "But I have written of many great politicians and for me it is very difficult."

"The matter with the young board was hard."

"Pearce" then addressed the crowd and, nodding to the dock, "to him who wishes peace."

He went to the stern just the docks and the fishing docks and the docks where the boats docked to the men and the same dock stopped yawning and looked intensely answered also him.

At the door of the saloon, a patrol was running out. The officer was a man with a very young beard, and he stood carefully alone in the middle of the doorway and looked at Blue. Not looking at the sailor at all. Blue walked past very close to him and went into the saloon.

"When the hour is all gone" the officer said, "then perhaps he will want of the residence."

"I have attended revolutions," Blue said, "that captured approximately with the law. One must be careful."

The officer looked and let his fingers touch the pistol thrust in his belt. Then he looked and spoke sharply to the patrol and they went in. At the bar, Alfred drew two beers and put them on the table lighting.

"I thought he was going to shoot you that time," Alfred said. "Worse is later he will shoot you."

"Too many when the time is past by worrying," Blue said. "The time is early was yesterday when they came. On two days before when I came and the police were still here."

"All right. But you want to be very careful and not get shot before you tell me about the chance of the fifth game of the World Series of 1923."

"I will be careful."

"You can picture that you were there at the critical moment," Alfred said. "I watched carefully on the following day on the docks where Spikes dominated them and then watched, and then when the fishermen struck the ball on the dock and Spikes came off the field like a toy. And then in the clubhouse when they asked the question of Matthews, what manner of ball he struck."

"I know," Blue said. "The fishermen on their day."

"But you were there? You know what Matthews said?"

"Yes," Blue said. "I was there, while they passed over the head of Spikes from whose dome had been struck, necessarily, and on the dock, alone boy who had used too much politeness, so that Matthews showed a black smile on the baseball that struck him on the foot."

"You were there," Alfred said. "I must be very careful of you."

"Maybe I will not tell you anyway," Blue said. "Maybe I will tell you why the girl who got for out on the dock is dead, and why she is singing, and then I won't tell you about Matthews."

"At the very least," Alfred said gently, "it would be an exchange. I will tell you about the fifth game of the World Series of 1923, and you tell me about Matthews."

"In the clubhouse," Cameron then said. "But I already know that she is up there, and that she is dead, and that she sang."

"Oh, come," Alfred said reasonably. "And I already know that the Braves demolished the Yankees, four games to three, in the World Series of 1923. But I do not know what Matthews said, and you do not know who the girl is dead."

"How did you get anything."

Alfred spread his hands on the bar. "You see, in three days we have come to the very essence of human relationship. Shall we have another beer and cigar?"

"Yes," Blue said. "The bar will serve coffee for the revolution."

On the day that Cameron Blue arrived on the fishing boat where capture was giving up time, the mad girl was sitting on the table bar out at the end of the backwater wharf, and the people were standing around in small groups talking about her because they were not used to it as yet, and they did not realize that they were going to be called upon to discuss what her own way or another. Only a few came down to the dock to see what the fish flag doing on the table most of the crowd around. It did not mean anything. On perhaps it meant that the fishing was not much good these days, and in the changing water there was more power in the water than a boat than by fishing, but all the captain thought clearly knew this, and he seldom had a chance to state his view on the subject unless he saw the fish flag when he came into small fishermen boats and the people looked down to see the fish and found there were none and returned in silence from the reason for the disruption.

Now only a few came down the dock and they were not very interested because on the table bar out at the end of the backwater there was the mad girl singing and they would have to decide about her but they did not know that on. The captain was disappointed.

"Perhaps," he said to Cameron Blue, "perhaps later I shall take my boat to Canada and content myself with such change."

Blue got the bygone and the next came to the dock.

"The boat is too small," he said, "and you are too fat. I want to study your

with the rats. You must avoid the marketplace as a pond."

"A fish that is nearly five feet long is in the age?"

"Look a fish will devour your boat," Blue said, "and so then you also in a single day."

The captain put the rat up on the dock beside the typewriter.

"The trouble with Mercury was is that they make strange rats," he was puzzled.

"It is not a fish," Blue said coldly. "You are surrounded with the fish and with the rats, and with the snakes which are very brave, especially that when you have looked a marketplace he comes to the top of the water and looks at you, and a strong red light comes in his eyes and he says to you, 'Hello! I have caught you. Blue, and I shall drag you down into the brown water among the rat, my change and swim you up the road and then I shall devour you,' and then he puts great circles in the water, and the red light shines in his eyes, and he opens his mouth and at last he comes for you."

"The captain was reasoning."

"The will never come down," Blue said, "in being eaten about at a single day."

"Well," the captain said, "perhaps in Canada it would be better to start with the trout."

"Yes," Blue said. "Since you have such a small boat and I already has outgrowing much more in the brown water."

Of the few men who had started down the dock to see the fish, only one made it to the boat. He looked into the cockpit, then looked at the flag, then looked something back into the empty boat where the outgrowers were not even heard. The captain waited, impatiently, but the man did not say anything. He changed and walked back along the dock to where the other people stood in small groups listening to the mad girl singing.

The captain got out of the boat and gazed up the river. Blue followed him to the shore and up the wooden stairs and through the forest of rat coils and the place where the boats lay on piers for repairs and finally across the dusty street to the saloon, beside a was coal and meat and a bar with four long tables turned slowly over below the ceiling. There was a table room set on a shelf behind the bar, and just under the television set there was a framed picture of Warren Spikes and Blue looked at it for a long moment before he realized why it was strange. Spikes was wearing the uniform of the time when the Pirates were in Boston. A big gray man in a white jersey had short grass behind the bar, waiting for











But change did originate in America

Their meeting was fortuitous. He had long been anxious to sculpture a typical American girl. Linda was made to order. And with a little of his old bossman's charm, Linda wasn't hard to persuade upon Harold's. One of his best pieces in this debauch, "American Beauty."

"The whole Linda experience," he said, "was part of a medical adventure. I must also do best of interest among many brilliant ones." And then he resumed, turning to Linda who was present at the time, "But wait the United Fall figure was interesting, more artistic?" Linda nodded then said thoughtfully, "If you think so, James."

Known as the "Mad Sculptor" Harold's name from poster stock of early Australia, perhaps even from the day settlers who dropped anchor in Sydney Bay nearly two centuries ago. He is preeminently an outdoor man and with Australia a hard country, enormous and rugged to the extreme, he looks usually fitted to the model. In his travels through the unrelenting expanse of the subcontinent, across the rolling leagues of emptiness where nobody lives except the scarce aboriginal and lonely kangaroo, he is as much at home beside an open fire as the Outback as he is at home to his own hearth and his 12 books, a literary scholar.







## ANZAC MICHAEL ANGELO

Bandolph has made a sort of debutant character out of himself. He is always found with girls and girls and so he says, 'slightly wrong'. After a long tramp on the beach or at the wilds he harkens his feet with gin. At one time he owned a pet panther, an another occasion he almost lost his life when he deliberately spiked a 15-foot sleep into the eye of a cyclone. He claims native bird calls, drinks only champagne, has dived with phlogcons in the Atlantic, invented a bed-gown of all things left in love with classical, twin sisters and married his most, merry lady.

Two of Bandolph's 'slightly ladies' created quite a furore last year when several French residents objected to the statue displayed by Bandolph on a huge boulder situated on the coast at the first Hotelier hotelstead. They were two sculpted Merveilles, two lovely long-trained maidens which he captured in cement on a huge rock overlooking the beach at Porth.

Installed atop the boulder in May of 1900, soon the lovely ladies became the subject of much controversy and attracted thousands and thousands of sightseers. But, chafed because a relatively overnight in the soil has three inside remains and today they are a tourist attraction as much the same manner as the simple stately who without even realizing them from her further pedestal at Coppenstone.

But famous or obscure, Lyall seems that so long as he has a piece of clay and a model as standard and obdurate as Lucie, he doesn't give a damn about anything else.

Lyall Bandolph — a feminist who made the square take notice and clap-without even trying.





"Yes, she's extremely bright, I taught her all I know!"

Author: By A. G. Higgins

**I**N the Ivy League,

girls are a real problem. Perhaps that comes as a surprise, but it shouldn't. The image of the Ivy Leaguer as a smooth, self-assured body-killer may not be totally incorrect, but it ignores one important factor. We haven't got enough ladies to kill—not even enough to threaten, for that matter.

The seriousness of this problem varies for students in the different Ivy League Schools. For men at Yale, Princeton, and Dartmouth, there aren't even any pretences to be made—there are no girls in those colleges, period. Harvard, Brown, Cornell and Columbia have a different problem. These are co-educational institutions. They have men, and those other things. Those other things are the "girls" who can qualify for admission to an Ivy League college, and they have a great deal of trouble qualifying as real women at the same time.

I am not suggesting that Ivy League students don't pursue the fairer sex, or that they don't enjoy that pursuit fully. As a junior at Yale, I would be foolishly to make such a suggestion. My friends are of the opinion that any affront to their collective virility is cause for the sort of direct retaliation which I am not built to withstand.

We get dates; we even get married. But these things do not come easily. One does not walk over to a sorority house on a Friday evening to pick up one of the cheerleaders. (Picking up the cheerleaders at Yale has been frowned upon for years.) Indeed, in most Ivy League schools, one cannot find a date even by walking all the way across town. Solving the female problem involves determination and resolve, money and imagination. In sum, it involves Road Trips.

Road Trips: Where that term comes up, or how long it has been used, is a mystery. But "road trip" is the answer. It began, I imagine, when some well-heeled Old Blue decided that Saturday night in New Haven was a bit out of the question, and that the only way to remedy the matter was by hopping into the State and whipping over to Poughkeepsie (i.e., Vassar College). If my calculations of the State's top speed and pre-1930 road conditions in that part of the world are at all accurate, it was probably about a twenty-hour road trip—by modern standards, not out of the question, but a little extreme.

Whether it started in a State or a Stanley—no matter. The institution now thrives as an integral part of the Ivy scene, ranking with Brooks Bros. and Bermuda in the spring. And even

# EVER HITS THE ROAD

*At times, it is better to make the long trip than not to have loved at all!*

And like any institution, it sustains

the stuff of its own perpetuation. The freshman at Yale, for example, is given an oblique introduction to the road trip during his first few weeks in New Haven, when several houses hand him and his friends off to Vassar—now about two hours away by bus. (Though this could hardly be termed the grandiose article, the discovery that beer can be bought near the Vassar campus for the return to New Haven soon gives the affair a very authentic road-trip aura.) Assuming that Yale admissions office has done its job, and the new freshmen are indeed young men of taste and sophistication, this innocuous beginning becomes a watershed—nothing is the same afterwards. New converts have been won over to replace those who had graduated the previous June. Like Yale itself, the road trip is an indestructible institution.

There are definite patterns to today's road trips. Yale men seem to favor Smith, Vassar, Connecticut College, Bennett and Briardell Junior Colleges. The Dartmouths go heavy on Colby Junior College (a mere 40 minutes away), also Smith and a bit of Mt. Holyoke, and all of the Boston schools. Princetonians have a unique problem—only extra-curricular organizations are allowed to have cars on the campus, and qualifications for the rank of "extra-curricular organization" are difficult to meet. The sons of Nassau still manage to turn up around the circuit, however, most often in the southern area of what might be termed the Circle Pin Belt. (Such a description is meant to have no connotation in regard to the relative purity of the girls at these schools. The circle pin has long since lost its symbolic meaning, and I would say that virginity in these places is definitely on the wane.) (Continued on page 101)



There was a time when changes in men's fashions were about as fast as the clock hand and were the least page news, no longer. We have witnessed almost no major changes in the Indiana's plumage of the stronger of the species as there is for the womenfolk.

With everything about a man from

his hat to his shoes changing with the weather, TOPPER decided to check on what we believe no other man's magazine has done. What's in, foot fashions?

Socks!

With colors like a spectrum and patterns that would make a new-fishy sailor, the modern sock is

probably the least celebrated part of men's wardrobe. And that's a shame, for the lovely (quite new in trend!) sock as we know it today is a marvel of soft foot-wracking comfort — and what's best of all, one doesn't even have to remember one's size any more! All this thanks to the stretch fabric miracle.

But foot fashions have a definite place. The over the wall is still very much in for socks that allowing no bit of leg to show when a gentleman sits. Black or black-brown and black-blue are the only colors for them. In sporty fashions, however, there is no limit in other colors, just some nuances, or textures. In fact, what we consider the living end was a new navy-blue stretch sport sock. Not of the getting your twenty thousand all night long even as you glide over the golf course, court, or gym floor.

So what else is new? Socks with holes other than the one where you place your feet are definitely out the window. So are knee-high!

**Between you and the pavement,  
there's a bright spot in your wardrobe!**

# FOOT FIRST IN **F**ASHION













# M-M-M-MONICA!



When a guy comes home after a long day at the office, what does he do? Well, he changes into his evening finery and prepares for a night on the town. And the bartender girl, what does she do? Well, if it happens to be famous Monica Strand, she slips out of something uncomfortable and wanders what to do with herself.

Monica, you see, is having one of those rare evenings without a date. Comes the question: spend it alone for a change? Impossible. The phone is sure to ring, or someone will pay in unexpectedly... or something... and then the guy whirlwind will start again full cycle. An evening alone? Out of the question.



**COUNT 'EM, COUNT 'EM... ONE, TWO, THREE, FOUR COLORS**  
of glorious, intimate exposures of Monica Strand!























But some mysterious set of circumstances has already dictated Monica's fate for this evening. Oh, please calls his dearbed. Nothing. Pissed, Monica falls into a pensive mood. Maybe an evening alone would be good for a change. . . . no solitude in a girl's worst enemy. Get out the little white book. Hm-mm.

Ed. Jack Eddie. Hal. Marty. George. George. Mental note: Wall Street, near T-Bar, Brooks Brothers, Park Avenue, last date: the Theater Squid's Toots Shor's.

"George? Is Monica. You just sitting here. No. Oh, you are? You do? Oh I see. Sure. George. Bye."

Well, that settles it. It's going to be a nice quiet evening at home. No one fighting it. After all, a girl can't expect to be busy every night. But it would have been nice. The last time George was over. . . . oh, well.

But now the evening has slipped away and Monica sits in front of her window, reflecting on other nights. It's good that a girl has her moments to keep her company as such lonely times as these.

And then, to bed. Tomorrow is another night!



**P**erhaps you employ the subtle weapons practiced so skilfully by Freud, Wilekx Maig, and in the hidden recesses of your grey matter you know the dogmatic non-observation: the no prime looks a dwarf among men. But in the world of things, you are what you eat; the foodies follow, whether crushed, confounded, look-alike, full armed (or not?). My friend I am used for your consideration, a path to play and distraction. Forget your hollow displacement for the rewards of a beard.

There is magic in a beard; it is a talisman that transforms the personality. Your latest affliction takes shape. Your self-consciousness of great stature is now confirmed by all who pass adequately at you. The smooth faced man before her easy with a smiling pleasure, the children stare at you, containing whippers, the tall and simple female screams whinger awfully. "This is a formal M&M, comrade."

Being a smooth-faced man, you may be alarmed and unwilling to lose the natural beauty to hairlessness. I can only assure you that these obstacles are a small price to pay for the rewards you will certainly reap. However, let us remember these minor impediments to doing.

For the first few days your appearance will suffer and you will likely be categorized as a lion, by friends and strangers alike. Yet, on the last, long and weary your staided countenance will earn for you the reward that comes of having none of being avoided physically. Moreover, you will no longer feel the cold raw beard a little higher during the slow process of transformation to show that you are really not a figure from the library and thereby you are able to escape root trails of teenage and youth. It is of course conceivable that your new comely appearance will provide a new state of depression, at that time think how soon you betterly meet on check-out period of beauty options.

The loss of hair will reveal some truths unpleasant but essential to per-

sonal maturity. Certain female will seek to stain you - and then so for the better. Those who've been so-called themselves to be the superfluous that you have no need of never take them back.

The initial test concerns your wife or loved one (or both). Does she try to understand your newness, or? If it being how good looking, isn't it her place to stand by you? But she then submitted a challenge to face the hair again together?

Perhaps it is best for you to find out now, before there are any more children at home, if it is merely the desire of a divorce, then you are already paying the benefits of your new life. How much more it would have been to divorce at maturity when that latest day of season.

And your boss - will he even a hair? Some time back however, remember, you have rights. There are laws against discrimination, so we all fall well know and you may be able to force him to accept you to abide by these laws, if you're still willing to work for such a narrow minded company. Of course, it is all right for the boss to have their own choices.

Remember those last few days will pass. The years will have reduced themselves to a large extent. The signs of these early concerns will have been reduced.

It is now time to reap the rewards from the razor. Shave a new look, perhaps the new super sharp-stain less. What? There a single stroke of the razor, there is a decision to be made.

"Will you keep a full beard?" Perhaps you will want the clean, and elegant Van Dyke? Should you as steadily, you eliminate the growth under the nose?

Subjectively almost scholarly you must study your new shape as a limited as a full length mirror. Forgetting the facts, provide if you still can, dedicate your attention on the general appearance of the body, then on the shape of the face. There are important considerations in the final decision.

Obviously these reward of hair will find advantage in the elongated by all those signs of beauty that will be sought to prevent the further, better check wearing sides. A small man would not want to appear too hairy.

There is another aspect, nothing to be overheard. What if you can not image now? Would you want to be bald at? Your beard can give you the feeling, as well as the appearance of the rugged, Viking explorer and hunter. On the other hand, you may wish to discover the personality of the sophisticated intellectual. All of this could be about even certain women and their manipulation. This however should remain entirely for the reader and shall not come with personal and study.

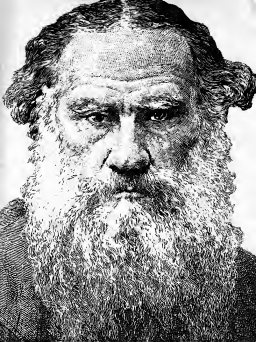
Once the truth is known, the reward, wait a week and there is no going back. Thus, to avoid traps, even the very words of mind (and the most accurately will not employ the new one at a fine portrait photographer while still in the smooth face category), he will work from a dozen or so before the more varied the poses the better. The photos must feature a new glossy finish in order to best accommodate the quivering skin of the hair part. This direct will enable you to eliminate the early possibilities of hairlessness. Further, to eliminate your imagination, it might be well to select for wearing the photos at drawings of other bearded images as found in magazines and newspapers. Your reaction to these, accordingly, will give you an inkling of the way others will react to you.

Let us assume that the decision involves more than has passed that the grin has been correctly selected and that you are among the ranks of men a thin manhoodly wearing the personality on his face for the world to see, to envy, and to admire. There are people that would envy you, that would dream of your position, not.

For your own protection, the follow up make must never be neglected.

(continued on page 22)

# GET YE A BEARD















#### BU'NIP, GRIND, AND SWIVEL, THESE HITS!

The girls at Minsky's newest Broadway runway, while costumed as lovely debauchés, still maintain the necessary ingredients for making the males in the audience jump, swoon, and generally wish they had never married their wives!



# MINSKY — BACK ON BROADWAY

The famed Burlesque Landmark has a New Look today — but bare bosoms remain basic.



story and text by Charles Rayburn

It's more than a generation of play in the midtown Minskys which gas with burlesque, the Minsky with roots as thick as Broadway, once more rocking in the upping streets as of old.

The new Minsky, Folies is a far cry from the redemptive bumps and grind shows of 50 years ago. Yet the traditional ingredients, ROPPA, is glad to report remain the same.

Behind Minsky's working shows from the Great White Way, and behind its current triumphs stand, in a laughter and leery history. The story of this famous Minsky starts in almost the story of burlesque itself.

Burlesque dates from the late 1800s. In its early days burlesques, which evolved from the already music hall featured comedy acts in the broad sense, and by 1910 lady funny men as Weber and Fields and Marguerite and Nan.

In 1920 burlesque took to the road, playing a theatre across buyers as the Columbia World. The World had thrives in many key cities in the East and Midwest, and burlesque in them was mainly good.

There were no bare bosoms — legs or small — on parade in American burlesque until late in 1923 when the company form of burlesquism was introduced by the late lady Minsky. The strip show was modestly inspired by a pleasure Minsky chorine named Marie Wilson at the old Haymarket Theatre in Chicago. Her revolutionary display of flesh taken down in the Wis 10-10-10. His costume came undone and dropped to the floor.

There was a shock of delight from the audience and the sensation. "No of burlesque" soon became part and parcel of burlesque. The next was 1924, when when one Carrie Farnell, one of the laugh and talented burlesque took her own three Florida and entered a new routine, doing so gayly as Marie Wilson had done by accident.

As a singer, Carrie was far not given, and her large bosoms sagged as a, not-to-high breasts. She masked each breast so jump up on one, then one than the other, then both at once and accompanied by "swoosh" one would jump a lot one for and pay one for all to see. This put the time in stripping. From the other dancers followed to put the bar of how new into their routines and a major new form of erotic experience was born.



Along came others to take advantage of the new act, and they presented the grand old composition, Georgia Southern Institute (known to the "Peanut Gals" as "Southern"). Marge Hunt, who didn't even know that she went for the title in the first row, was correct: "The Poor Man's Gator." That song, Okey and Lou, Anna Carter, Lynn McKee, Mary La Rose and a host of others—all coming for the

Famous actors who started off careers in burlesque include Dick Cane, Ed Wynn, Bobbie Clark, Red Lake, Penny Ryan, George Truitt, Pat McKee, Milton Berle, Pat Morita, Lucille Ball, acknowledged as burlesque queen at the greatest national comedy art show; Earl, Eggs Raymond, Charles Kemner, Bud Fox, Steve Mills.

The identity name has been synonymous with burlesque for over 40 years. The old Billy Blandy Burlesque Show first appeared in the Broadway Theatre on 43rd Street in New York. Corner lot of the Minsky Manor in Harold Lloyd, a nephew of the composer.

Producer Harold Hecht is giving a pair of top billing the second and then compared the entertainment world when he opened an all-new Monte Carlo casino night at the Flamingo in Las Vegas. The show begins with happy-go-lucky songs and full-on musical numbers, such as the new song "You're the Only One" and "The Flamingo del Monte Carlo."

Harold Winfrey had long been urged to get back on Broadway. Now many of the members of an off-Broadway league meant show-biz's *"The Wins Rinspired"* which featured a former Winfrey and Jack Conroy. Winfrey finally decided to leave his job.

The new Ministry of Culture, however, is quite different from the old. The people are more liberated, more deeply motivated. There are books, newspapers, and scientific journals; a free thought, better professional workers and higher, full professors never miss. And because in the old country, there was the darkness and the night.

The newly renovated are spread up there are large sun and popcorn ceilings and the bathrooms a different and carefully planned. The new store is comparable to a big Broadway retail and of nature is designed to use 100,000 sq ft to two parts in return. However, instead of as much as the old shop, a new store opening every week. Building are completed.

Haydn's friendliness regards the new Misses. Filled as the house then was with them (the Misses later), it is unexpected as the old tradition has therein a change in flavor and style all of which comes about simply because opportunity: have been made in protective and the rather of the performers, dramatic musicians, etc. (music) — and even the O'Connell and the members of the family members.

Carroll represented Baltimore for six years, from The Daily Labor News, Evening Express, Evening Sun.



# TOPPER THROWS A HALLOWEEN BASH!

**ALL THE FUNNY-FACED  
CREW MADE MERRY,  
BUT THE NICEST WITCH-  
ES OF THEM  
ALL STOLE THE SHOW!**

Quite a few years back, Halloween meant only one thing to the young gang: A wild, prepubescent Wolpenguist of waving glass surfaces and performing the unenvied chore of garbage disposal — usually all over some guy's front lawn.



















We'll, we've grown up slightly. We've left the girls on every floor, less than a year. And anyone supposed to be the only the exposure of your own audience would like a little more from the collective TOPPER club.

That kind of mischief may be the best of us, but there was a distinctly unique way that we could celebrate All Saints. One year that indeed is what Halloween is, that would not only appeal to our own somewhat adult tastes, but prove to be a delight to the readers.

A Halloween Ball

And so with photographer Joe Sullivan and because models Gloria and Pam, plus sundry hap friends and a winging pad TOPPER bowed up this special Halloween ball.

Finally, any party given by us starts out with enough decorum to







out the ladies and society, but then one or two or more often, all those casual photographers, artists and writers stir in a little Huckle style, dress and taste is desirable of the best bed plants. We had funny face masks, several bottles of my juice and of course a really delicious sense of propriety. Along about the third apple dunking round, someone (a writer) suggested that perhaps it might prove a little more interesting to drink for the first.

In no time at all, or at least in just the few minutes it takes to unstrap the usually unresponsive. Men and girls were for us. From there quite naturally some our pair of solid watches are more comfortable as nature, the party became a little rapidly disintegrating into a full bodged age.





















From the corner of our discerning editorial eye, we caught sight of a friend pouring the remaining orange juice over our Pam, which seemed a shame at first, until we noticed that the wench loved every minute of it. Reason? There was a Roman-style bath tub and shower on which she had her eye all night, and the orange dunking proved just enough excuse for her to indulge.

The rest?

Now we aren't saying things about anyone, and we won't name names, and we won't tell exactly what happened, but after the party was over and the dim light of dawn came filtering through the sky, somebody threw a pumpkin at us — filled with newt toes, spider legs, rat hairs, eye of owl, and . . . well, you know!





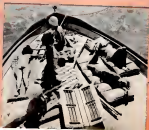






## *NATURE'S SWEETHEARTS*

When boy meets girl in Cinema  
nudesville, it's love at first sight!









It makes sense to no longer the shocking peak exposure of because look it more real. While we haven't gotten around to reaching down to see a better world to yet, we do quite by accident come across what we would like to feel in the absolute ly end of all modern. Nature's Sweet Heart







With figure models swarming around Florida, plot would seem to be yucky, and sandy, other rights around Florida, plot would seem to be the least important part of the story. These attitudes of "no natural color" on this film (John Ford won't let any sleep over this one).

Still, but does provide nice music,

some which we feel was well worth director Larry Wells' effort. A grand finale working some complete with Wagner's March and white velvet, but dark colored bands "villain".

The film stars Mary Elgin and forty-nine other beauty queens. It was produced by Irving Kline for Ray Beautiful Films, Inc.









# FLORIDA WITH ANDREA

a wintery citizen's divine discontent



Just three minutes alone with Andrea Gilbert, a lass from sunny Florida, is enough to explode the old "beautiful-but-dumb" generalization. For the statuesque enchantress is as nimble top-story as she is everywhere else. About the encyclopedias of trivia most chicks keep stored in their head she knows virtually nothing. But



ask her about Natcha, the Second Law of Thermodynamics, or the arrangement of your potes, and she comes on like gangbusters.

Don't misunderstand. She's not raring away between the covers of a book night after night. She can and does make the Modern Miss America come with the best of them. What sets her apart













From most chicks is that she believes a gal must be good in the idea department as well as look good to stay out in front.

# ELEPHANT RACING? NO JOKE IN CALIFORNIA!



*T* thundering down the Los Alamitos Race Track in Anaheim, Calif., the heavy sound of hoofs echoed in the grandstands as the spectators cheered ecstatically. But this crowd of 15,000 college students didn't cheer for any horses they bet on—but for their favorite elephant!

Usual even for Californians, the Second Annual Intercollegiate Elephant Race drew eleven entrants in three classes: variety, prize variety,

and freestyle. But "Mackie," the 50-ton entry from Long Beach State College, was scratched before he even started.

Mackie last year turned the derby into a near riot when he jumped the track and nearly moved down a line of bystanders on his way to the paddock.

This year there were only two contestants.

The first was elephant handler Ray Rodman, who led seven-ton "Toughie" around the Los

# THE DUMBOS CAME BY VOLKSWAGEN

*Alameda obstacle course. As they neared a tight bend, Radman got his big toe too close to Tomlin's big foot—and squish—there went his toe. Radman was doubled up in pain, and as the crowd stood wondering what had happened, the tractor was carried off the field, torn streaming down his face. But he came back.*



Look, and the hands. The girl on left comes to the spring, at her perimeter (top) looks. Then gets a double (top) looks.



At the starting line (above), a line of photographers gets best results with their cameras. Ending (above right), a cool driver gets his hand into the beast's mouth to cool him. Without driver (above), a baby elephant likes to behave like a crowd





in the two elephant men sport, a short time later with a heavily bandaged foot.

The other episode was positive, at least — namely Miss Bonnie Lynne Volk. Bonnie was the 24-year-old resident for "Bordas," the tiny bottom entry from Santa Lawrence College. Bonnie and Bando were wearing a matching pair of aqua stretch pants. Bando's pair survived nicely — but, alas, poor Bonnie!

Bonnie was riding on Bando's head when he suddenly lurched, and Bonnie found herself on the ground — with a pair of stretch pants split from stern to stern — and, alas, poor Bonnie without any underpants.

But, after all, it was an elephant race, and one should expect these things in California, no? — It's all part of the tradition.



(Continued from page 4)

appears for it. Some of the students feel that sex is too openly practiced in our culture. Others feel that it is too restricted.

Quite a number of the students we talked to feel uncertain about sex because "it is not generally accepted." The many people who speak of "a liberalized society" explained another substantial group feels uneasy when it comes to sex behavior. They don't know what to do. The anxiety of students interviewed led us to feel that there should be more practical knowledge about sex.

The reason why sex education has lagged behind other education, the young people we interviewed feel, is that many adults regard sex behavior as immoral or sinful even when such behavior is no more than hugging or kissing or holding hands. One of the girls we interviewed for this story believed that holding hands with a boy might lead to pregnancy.

The trouble with sex, a sociology major told us, is that it is too restricted too restricted and too often forbidden. We don't like to be pushed by adults. We are no longer children but our parents and teachers continue to treat us as such. As far as sex is concerned, there is too much pushing and too many down's.

It is no wonder then that quite a number of the students feel that the trouble with sex is people. The feeling was especially expressed by the girls. Perhaps because in view of our double standard, girls are expected to behave more properly and more demurely in order to be successful.

Many of the students we talked to not only suggested that the trouble with sex is people but people of the opposite sex. Thus the young men we interviewed blamed the women for the trouble they had with sex, while many of the young women blamed the men. Some of them even went as far as to name names.

The most prominently mentioned young man interviewed suggested that the trouble with sex is that sex behavior is supposed to be limited to only

two persons at a time. While the men spontaneously pointed out, we felt that the trouble with sex is that you are expected to have sex experiences with too many girls or with too many boys, at the same time. Finally, there were those who said that the trouble with sex is that it too often leads to marriage, divorce or otherwise.

But the biggest trouble of all with sex, students agree, is that sex is sex. "Sex is a funny word, but you can't have it without doing the sex part. It often takes much more in food or drink," a transfer student explained. "Sex is nothing but trouble." A girl with long hair proclaimed "It is more than anything," her curvy ones lined around. "It is too wild," a final girl confessed.

And what does all this mean? Perhaps that there is too much throwing too much emotion, and too much emotional tension when sex is occurred. Physiologically young people, according to Henry, are usually mature at puberty. Physiologically they are ready for sex even after the psychologically they have to wait until they get married, which is the average is not before their middle twenties.

The young of psychology and self denied in a long time, especially when it comes with a person close to sex. We wonder then that many of the freshmen that we interviewed suggested that "sex is too demanding, too serious, planned, and too difficult to handle." The girls, in particular, realized of their greater risk, bodily when sex is concerned, expressed the trouble that sex was, being in more dangerous water. "It is too expensive," they said. "We have to make it." "It's just my nervous." "It's dangerous." "It's like a two-edged sword." "It is really getting out of hand."

Things would not be quite so bad, our students volunteered if sex, in spite of all its dangers, would lead to love and happiness, but this is frequently denied. The girls point out that once they get in, they are no longer supported. "Sex is really cheap and easy on the ground," a girl who feels that she has gone too far told us. "You get out and go and you and soon sex is no more meaningful."

There is no solution to the trouble with sex. There will always be trouble with sex as long as we remain sex-suppressible, restrictive, restrictive, overprotective, oggling and sometimes disliking. But many of the students with sex and students agree can be learned and overcome through education. In the words of Evelyn Miller Dorell who has written extensively on this subject "The best thing that we can do is to discuss the emotional and physical aspects of sex frankly and to know what is best for each one of us."

# BEARD

(Continued from page 4)

**RULE 1. Never eat, or even just sit down, through the doorway of Greenwich Village.** Any association with these areas will probably never coming with, all of your efforts will then have been in vain. . . also, you will be strongly paid.

**RULE 2. Never drink your beer, or eat, or give anything of any kind that you are sure of its evidence.** This type of behavior would put you in the category of the nervous and would never only to severely lower your new status. Remember, you and the headline a constant part of each other. Any action that would lead you to suspect that there is not a very reliable and pleasant relationship would weaken the image.

**RULE 3. Never attempt to eat or drink on food that might become unwanted in the house.** Imagine if you will the horror of trying to actually clean the plate of a well liked egg out of your cereal and miraculously find, in hot hedge or bubble gum the perfect. While time and pressure you will become adept at eating all of the food items, but the skills must be developed in the privacy of solitude but hand sized down.

You will find the need to add to these three basic rules. These additional rules will come from experience. They may relate to housework or a other aspects depending on your style and when. They will evolve to suit your special situation.

Despite the new horizon, the gain and the pleasure, a surprising and terrible personality may arise from the magic many wishes of nostalgia and may actually tempt you to test the need to overcome back to the "good old days."

In the taking any heedlessly using reminder out of your own experience that time does actually lead environment to days and events gone by. The return of nothing more is known to nostalgia, necessarily those wonderful days of yesterday, but he doesn't feel the return also has made a point of remembering him only. The old you didn't worry but as the man's depicted eye, become the history that reality previously had denied.

Although this message was addressed to a specific group, we felt it is recognized that only a handful can see the subtle discrepancies that will enable them to accept the challenge.

Unfortunately that offering emotional participation can will be perceived harshly by those who of courageous proportions—the troubled ones.





# CIGARETTES

photos and text by Ian Sullivan

## Smokes that swing... and where to get them

Would you ever consider sticking a chocolate bar in your mouth and putting a match to it? Of course not!

But in effect that is what you are doing nearly every time you light an American cigarette. The "pure tobacco" taste you read about in the ads is as obsolete as high button shoes.

Once the secret of making good cigarettes was in the careful selection of tobacco, proper aging and then the final rolling that produced a cigarette that tasted like a cigarette.

Today, without exception, American cigarette manufacturing plants are really little more than chemical laboratories. All sorts of flavoring agents are added to our American tobacco to give you that "rich, smooth taste." Such elements as chocolate, licorice, glycerine, menthol and various other plant extracts are then mixed into the tobacco before the conglomerate mass ultimately comes out in cigarette form.

## DEL MUNDO

One manufacturer advertises on his package that his cigarettes are a blend of "Turkish and domestic tobacco"—and certainly they are, but the percentage of Turkish in them is quite small. Most American cigarettes are mainly Perley tobacco, simply because it is the most abundant and will soak up all the flavoring agents.

Years ago domestic manufacturers used imported tobacco but the depression years forced them to use home-grown varieties. Then the "taste crisis" came on me and they became the only suitable tobacco for this use.

All of this brings us to our point—Americans are used to smoking cigarettes that only slightly resemble tobacco as far as taste is concerned. However, there are still a few of us who enjoy the taste you can get only from pure unadulterated tobacco. To satisfy the desire for a real cigarette, we must seek out those few stores who realize that there are some "real smokers" left in this country.



and purchase imported cigarettes.

The making of cigarettes in most foreign countries is still what we might call an "art" rather than a "science". The tobacco takes precedence over everything else that goes into the making of a smoke.

Foreign cigarettes are made from basically three types of tobacco. British manufacturers use mainly Virginia tobacco. Most European makers use the similar leafed Turkish varieties, with the exception of the French tobacco companies who rely mainly on Algerian and Moroccan tobacco from the colonies. Cigarettes from the Orient are often a combination of many of these tobaccos and a given brand of cigarette may change from time to time in make-up.

With only a few kinds of tobacco and no additional flavoring agents it might seem that there would be a sameness to many imported cigarettes, but this is not true. The bouquet, flavor and aroma produced by burning tobacco is entirely dependent on the growing of that tobacco. Just as in the making of fine wine, where the selection of grapes is so important, so is the selection of tobacco important in cigarette making. Tobaccos of a given variety will vary with the climate and soil in which they are grown. Aging also has much to do with the resulting smoke from a tobacco.

Trying to advise one on the cigarette to smoke is like telling someone how much sugar to use in their coffee, but we can guide you to smoking pleasure. Cigarettes made from the Virginia tobaccos are the mildest when compared to other American types. However, even this difference is amazing. You will find your first large-bowl of tobacco smoke very refreshing. This is what smoking is all about you will find.

If you desire something with more flavor, may I suggest one of the European cigarettes made from Turkish. Here is a real smoke that will satisfy the most particular smoker. Full, rich flavor that lets you know you are smoking something other than a chemist's delight.

However, for the man who wants the pleasure of smoking pleasure, only one answer—French cigarettes. These robust sticks are made from the choicest Algerian and Moroccan tobacco. These tobaccos are grown in hot dry desert areas of the colonies which results in their overpowering "tobacco taste".

On the dainty side I think its worth mentioning the "perfumed" cigarettes that are so delightful to the ladies. While you will probably find them revolting yourself, they seem to have a euphoric effect on the girl. No bachelor's girl should be without at least one pack to intrigue your next female victim. The selection of a pack of perfumed cigarettes can be governed by your own bloom or desires. You will find rose, violet, gardenia, amber and many other varieties to choose from.

So get with it, no more smoking chocolate bars—down to the nearest tobacconist for some real smoking delight.

## A Master Hypnotist REVEALS HIS SECRETS

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# SMATTERING OF EAGLES



When Charlie Bates graduated from college he was commissioned a Second Lieutenant in the United States Air Force. After a month's training in Texas he was sent to a Tactical Fighter Wing in England as a Public Relations Officer. He spent his first night in the BQ and remarked that the blankets in England smelled the same as those in San Antonio. The next day he moved off-base and took a room at "The Fox and Hounds" in a nearby village.

He bought a bicycle from the pub-keeper, and on his third day of duty pedaled two miles to the base. It was the cheapest, most refreshing way he could think of to commute. The Air Policeman at the main gate saluted sharply as Charlie sailed past, just as he was shift-



James D. Houston

ing into second gear to take a short hill that separated the gate from the rest of the station. Charlie returned the salute, but had to use his shifting hand; the gears slipped; he lost his momentum, briefly lost his balance and nearly fell over. The hill's incline slowed him down. He lowered a foot to steady himself, and stopped. "You can stand at ease," Charlie told the guard.



"Shall I call the motor pool, sir?"

Charlie was aboard again and pedaling hard to take the hill. "I'll make it," he said.

But it was a tough hill. He hadn't ridden a bike in years. When he reached his office his thighs were so pumped up he thought his trousers would split.

Continued on next page

A SECOND LIEUTENANT HELPS A BATTLED MAN BECOME A HERO

## SHATTERING OF EAGLES

That night he tracked by bicycle and ten pounds in a hand basket for an odd time. He was late for work the next day because the horse wouldn't gallop, wouldn't even trot. It took him half an hour to get to the office. All eyes at that point Charlie was sure from the side, he had broken a horse in years either.

At the pub that night he told the barman what happened, and found he'd bought a one-time molly from the barman instead. "Ah," he said, "I can't get a molly behind 'em." In his hand the barman found an old molly and said it is Charlie for his parents. The next morning as Charlie's horse walked past the main gate the Air Policemen noticed him and Charlie started his disaster when they failed it gently across the horses back and the rig sped smoothly up the hill.

That was Charlie's answer. He could not go to work in ten minutes or so. It was comfortable and he liked the crop on his back in the morning. He made it work that way for three days. On the third day the Wing Commander called Charlie into his office.

"Oh down, lieutenant, sit down!"

"Thank you, sir."

"You're the new Public Relations Officer?"

"Yes, sir."

"He'd you like your job?"

"The time so far, sir."

"Thinking your way around all right, are you?"

"Yes, sir."

"I understand you're fond of horses?"

"Not particularly, sir."

"Then I can tell you that drives that horse and buggy to work?"

"Buggy, sir."

"A molly, is it?"

"Yes, sir. Horses and buggies were a different thing."

"I see. That some hobby of yours is it?"

"No, sir."

"Well, why in the hell do you run around in my like that?"

"It's something wrong, sir."

"Do you have anything against me?"

"Not too much to say, sir."

"You think it's cheaper to feed a horse?"

"I just think it's been in Mr. Potter's hand."

"What's Mr. Potter?"

"The pub keeper."

"How do you get back and forth to the pub?"

"I use them."

"At the Fox and Hound?"

"Yes, sir."

"Then I think you're at the Hound?"

"The best of them, lieutenant, sir."

"Then here, lieutenant, I'm trying to be civil with you. You've got to start making a little sense. What kind of public relations do you think you're running with the damn man, lieutenant? You're making a laughing stock of the whole lot."

"People in the village think it's a great idea, sir."

"They do, eh? Well, I don't. Do you realize what an absolute spectacle you present as an officer of the United States Air Force riding around on a molly on his back in the public house and buggies?"

"Buggy, sir."

"BULLY!"

"It's as comfortable as any car I've ever ridden in."

"Well, you'd better try another car, lieutenant, comfortable or not. I don't want to see you here about this or again. Do you understand?"

"Yes, sir."

"Just tell me one more thing, lieutenant."

"Yes, sir."

"What's the real reason you're running around on that rig?"

"Well, all it's hard to say. I kind of like the way it fits back on the strap, sir. I guess. And the whole shape of the thing. It's sort of cool."

"Then will be all that?"

"Yes, sir."

"The next day Charlie took the morning off and rode to the nearest town ten miles away. He traded his molly and twenty-five pounds to a car dealer for a black 1938 Lincoln. It was badly rusted and the glass panned on the driver's side had been shattered, but it ran well. He had some trouble driving out of town. The streets were muddy and narrow, and at several corners he had to back up to get around.

"The car had no license plates. At the main gate the Air Policemen stopped Charlie and asked for identification. He couldn't see through the shattered glass. Charlie couldn't tell them the number because the handle was missing. He sat looking back down your window until the guard growled.

Charlie tried the door but it wouldn't open from the inside. He did across the seat and climbed out the other side. When the guard saw his gold bars he looked away, stopped an unlicensed motorist and muttered, 'Sorry, sir.'"

"A natural mistake," Charlie said.

"Have you had that checked at the motor pool, sir?"

"Just bought it," Charlie said. "Think it looks a dash up?"

"The driver was broken. Might use a little thing."

"Horsepower," Charlie said. "Will you see?" He climbed back in. As he started the door the outside handle fell off. The guard ran around the car, poked it up, banged it through the window. "Corrosion," Charlie said.

He pulled the bell and drove to the Officer's Club. He did not go to the car pool as the Wing Commander was waiting across the parking lot.

"Good afternoon, sir," Charlie said.

The colonel stopped. His eyes opened up. The molly walked in. He had noticed something disconcerting. "What in the hell have you got there, driver?"

"My new car, sir."

"Why didn't you take that a degree?"

"No."

"Charlie, as much as you and I in the United States Air Force."

"Yes, I'm sorry, sir."

"What is it, a horse?"

"That's right, sir—my old horse."

"How long do you think you can drive around that horse in a horse, lieutenant?"

"It runs well enough, sir."

"Why didn't you take it to the road. Can you not get those windows?"

"Most of the time, sir."

"How are you, driver? That horse and buggy of yours too."

"Buggy, sir."

"BULLY! BULLY! If that was bad enough, but that's a mistake and it's dangerous. I don't know what in the hell you think you're up to, but I'm giving you one more chance. You get something suitable and that you can drive around the base or I'll have you. Just get that driver's license off my station. Do you understand, lieutenant?"

"Yes, sir," Charlie said and the colonel spoke away.

Charlie took the next day off and drove to the suburbs of London where there was a construction company he bought a second-hand revolving concrete mixer mounted on steel tracks. The huge mixing barrel was encased with old canvas. The gears were oiled with muck and the mix was gray, covered with cement dust. But Charlie didn't mind. The mix was right, hot off the ground, and when he first climbed in he felt a surge of power just from pressing around the construction yard. They wouldn't take his horse on a building, so he abandoned it. It took him an hour to drive the first mile back to the base because he'd never

(Continued on page 74)

# BY JOVE, IT'S JUNE!

June Palmer is the most. June Palmer is almost beyond the power of description. June Palmer is to London what Jayne Mansfield is to Dallas, what French water is to bourbon, what nitro-methane is to molotov cocktails, or, very simply what a flesh-and-blood dream girl is to every man.

And that was just the first impression we had of this beaming young charmer from the merry old town of Big Ben and a circus called Piccadilly. But just in case you think our enthusiasm was muted over by the famous London fog, forget it. Our champagne fight landed us in such scorchingly bright sunlight that we had to dig down and retrieve our favorite pair of Los Angeles sunglasses.

Levity aside, however, we were sent to London to do an interview with the most popular model in that swinging town. It took all of twenty minutes and no misty phone calls to as many different photos to determine that the gal's name was June Palmer—the vote was unanimous.

Another quick call which established our interest in her as a brand new man's mag in the United States gained us an enthusiastic entry. With address in hand, we hopped (tuned to you, yuck) over to her apartment.

"Hello, love," she smiled at us. Brightening to the greeting, we introduced ourselves. The greeting "love" was not quite what we imagined. It's a whole kind of thing used by Londoners the same way we use honey or babe. Deal?

"I'm just dying to go to America," this June-oh-yeah gal told us even before we sat down. "I've heard so much about the really swinging guys there."

She took our blank look as something to laugh at.



This maid in Merrie Old England has the Crown Jewel spot as the Isle's top model and she wants to come to America!



"You know," she smiled sweetly, "I was given to understand that every American correspondent who wants to interfere with a foreign girl expects her to say something goofy like that. 'There, I've said it. But is it true?'"

We made a hasty exploration of the facts of American night life, love life, cooing life, and the typical / teenage / life. She



seemed even more pleased than before.

"Actually," she said, "I'm not really contemplating any kind of permanent relationship while my career is on the up. But I would like to take a crack at the modeling bit in America."

We agreed that it would be the greatest loss to the women-lover' men of the world since Anthony snagged Clea as Duck looked Luc if she did not come to the land







of the New Frontier.

"To tell the truth, I've already made arrangements to come to Hollywood to do some modeling and take a few hot parts in some video series. Do you think they'll like me?"

















To which question we responded with all the glowing commentary of our friends at the Chamber of Commerce, the local boy club and the *4 corners*—at our favorite bar, that she would indeed be well liked.

"That makes me very happy to hear," Jane said. "But how does one get to be known . . . you know . . . known to the right people?"

Easy, we explained, all the right people read *4 corners* . . .

She gave us a delighted expression and told us to proceed with the necessary power for a proper introduction through the pages of the magazine. That's it—but we've still not recovered completely!







a short course in  
the lost art of

# BOTTOM PINCHING

By Amy Hargrave



**h**as bottom pinching become a lost art?  
Or is it, at best, a dying form of masculine appreciation practiced by what few remain of the mischievous oldguard?

As a woman whose bottom has not been nipped in a goodlong while, I had philosophically accepted the fact that my posterior had lost its pinch appeal. (I do recall something very near a pinch at a cocktail party about a year ago. But in good conscience it could not be called an unqualified *pinch*.)

The possibility that bottom pinching as a mode of expression has fallen on hard times came to my attention one evening when my husband and I were dining out with his man-about-town younger brother.

The waitress seemed exceedingly disinterested in our efforts to attract her attention. Finally



I said to my debonair brother-in-law "Why don't you pinch her bottom as she goes by, and maybe we'll get some service?"

At this remark his face became suffused with an extremely pained expression. One would think I had suggested he tuck his napkin in his collar, or drink from his fingerbowl.

"*Nobody* pinches bottoms any more," he said with quiet emphasis.

I expressed amazement at this, but as I have the greatest respect for his opinion in these matters I asked, "Well, what do you do instead?"

He carefully explained that the pinch is old-fashioned (in the extreme) and has been updated into a simple, meaningful pat on the posterior.

This surprised and at the same time consoled me. Whereas formerly I had taken it on faith that somewhere, somehow bottoms were being pinched while mine was being neglected, I now took comfort in the fact that the frequent pat I received was equivalent in value to the old-fashioned pinch.

I have since pursued this question more completely, and have consulted waitresses, cocktail hostesses, secretaries and other women in fields where the incidence of bottom pinching would be likely to be highest.

I have now come to the conclusion that my brother-in-law is right. Except for a few unreconstructed old bottom pinchers (who immediately brand themselves as being as much outside the pale of sophisticated society as one who would wear a bib-sized tie with the Golden Gate bridge on it, or eat peas with his knife) no one actually *pinches* bottoms any more.

So let me mourn the passing of the Golden Age of Bottom Pinching with a tribute to a man of my little town who was a renowned practitioner of the art.

There was hardly a woman in the town who had not been accorded this flattering form of salutation. He practiced it not so much as an affectionate prelude as (if you'll pardon my saying so) as an end in itself.

It was just as apt to transpire in the cold light of day outside the post office, or in front of the meat counter of the general store, as in the dim light of a cocktail party.

The pinch, to be delivered with proper élan, was always accompanied by a roguish leer. It is doubtful if any woman so favored was displeased, though some felt obliged to feign disapproval.

But alas! Bottom pinching, with many other of the finer things of life, has gone the way of the diamond stickpin, the waxed moustache and the more ornate forms of chivalry between the sexes.

Women of the world can only sigh with nostalgia.





...and this one has very low ceilings—over on Sunday”

Further information on the book is available at <http://www.oxfordjournals.org/doi/10.1093/acprof:oso/9780199296523.001.0001>



# THE MAKING OF A SORORITY QUEEN

## Sometimes it's hard to tell who's the maker and who's the made!

The shooting of a campus queen has been called a healthy rite and a childish waste of college time. It has been denounced as being undemocratic, psychologically damaging (in that it encourages sporting scholasticism), and outright ignorant. So that as it may, most students consider the shooting of the campus queen and the festivities that go with it a staged college tradition, and students remember the event with a fondness rivaled only by memories of a victorious football game or their first class.

But to the college girl, the competition involves considerably more than just fun and the shooting of pleasant memories. It may end her reputation, seal her grades coming down, eliminate friends and even impact her health. In spite of the pain to her virtue, health and social status, most girls would gladly risk the odds for that one moment when a crown turns a "nobody" into the campus chick of the year.

"It's a great huge game of chance," commented Alice in Through the Looking Glass. "Her's being played all over the world — if that is the world you know. Oh what fun it is! How I wish I was one of them! I wouldn't mind being a Queen. I only I might join, though, of course, I should like to be a Queen, first." And with each September her and new friends the great game begins again for three weeks of Alice, Marys, Jane and Sue across the country.

On the campus for the first time, our freshmen determined to become queens — a campus full of such nerves as one heard a third year copy of Ashlee Montoya's "The Natural Supremacy of Women" in the other — shuttles her stuffed Panda Bear to her port bureau — repeatedly looks around at all the new faces, hostile and hostile, and says under her cover, "Let's see, what a hell this is going to be!"

As the struggle with the campus crowd intensifies she picks out the security members. How I wish I was one of those! — and nervously but happily refuses the air being approached by a quaquapunged by a Fair Letter Man and a wretched VIP.

If her hands are right, her clothes match the weather of the season and her face and figure fit the campus stage — her intelligence is neither too high nor too low but somewhere indistinguishably in between — and she's not too pretty but willing to play along (I wouldn't mind being a queen, if only I might join). She of course gets asked to join the sororities (more women, with a date in Saturday night's big black-to-white dance to boot).

"When you get to the Rights Square you'll be a Queen," said the Red Queen to Wonderland Alice. And with the acceptance by FWC (People Who Cannot) our campus Alice had already advanced two queens and more. If she is also fortunate enough to enlist the full support of her society and her checklist is filled with enough VIP's, the chance of Alice now being a definite candidate for the crown is increasing.

Just a day or Alice's coronation appears on day. On a bright Sunday morning, her Sorority President brings 1970 bougainvillee and, saying Ashlee's book rating says bougainvillee parties and tea, wags her pretty tail and

beats disappointedly and declares, "The day of the dumb bougainvillee is over, monies. If you want to be queen, you can only have to look the past, you have to talk it." In other words, the third reason to queenism is achieving better than passing grades. Reluctantly, Alice made friends the First with a broad Popoverton made (noting, "What" under her breath), which the Saturday night date with popover's Big Daddy, and starts cramming (the crew for Monday's games — which she passes, by the way with final notes).

The approach of the Fresh Frosh represents the remaining squares Alice still has to scramble. For it, the Frosh's Fresh Queen will be elected each, although there will be many other queenly froshes to select during her tenure in college — the Homecoming Queen, the Snow Queen, Valentine and May Queen — being nominated Fresh Queen suggests her chance of winning other crowns.

Apparently, Alice reviews the program she's made to watch following her goal. Then her she's been elected Honorary of W.P.F.B., accepted a B.P.M., a secretary of her Freshman class, has dated the Class President twice — made the scene with the Football Captain three — a Drama Club Treasurer as well as Student Representative on the Faculty Council. What's doing pretty good. And when she realizes that by now all the boys who count must certainly be familiar with her movements — W.P.F.B., B.P.M. — she knows her chance of winning the Frosh crown are almost gone.

While Alice counts her qualifications the Fresh Frosh Queen Committee is busy doing the same thing. By the time the Freshman class reaches the upper belting stage, you can be sure Alice's every point has been examined by everybody concerned.

"Frosh! Frosh!" the Red Queen belched, dragging Lewis Carroll's Alice through the air. "Frosh!"

"Are we nearly there?" Alice cried.  
"Nearly there!" the Queen repeated. "Why we passed it two minutes ago! Frosh!"

For two weeks preceding the Frosh campus Alice will live too faster and faster until she's made all day. Thanks her friends will crack (they'll meet a different, mysterious number and start every day and she'll date a different VIP each night. Her publicity puts will arrange a college version of "Public Appearance" for Alice at the right college houses, the "in" dances and parties which never missing the opportunity to pass on. "Alice for Queen button on a student. In short Alice and campus are competing on a storm.

When the big night finally does arrive, all the late-storming, public relations and personal matters Alice has made sure off with a bang. Alice is crowned Fresh Queen and the school body waits the night away in celebration.

If Alice's coronation for a term only serves to what her appetite for more sovereignty, there are, as we've already mentioned, many more queenly hours in the making. Big few checks can keep up with the pace it takes to be





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We could suggest some titles of our own. . . but . . . never. In an Infidelity are sure to make a memorable party—perhaps get to anyone — particularly for a drink!



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## POKE STOVEN WITH THE ROAD

(Continued from page 44)

pointing were hoping to catch a ride the rest of the way. The signs read as either "Class, What?" "Will You W?" and "Dustin, Please." They were not caught, though they waited through and ended up at Poughkeepsie (an easy trick) because across across the Vassar bridge (and through the Vassar bridge) had found support by a trip to Exotic (one of the more famous establishments which serves on road trip business) and an attempt at the return trip to New Haven. That had failed, and they ended up at the common home of one of the three halfway back to Yale, rather under the weather and completely broke.

Since then, however, the path has become open again, the weather has disappeared, and the entire enterprise could hardly be considered unusual, say. There are other kinds of trophies.

I remember once being a party to the pilfering of a chair from a Boston nightclub—perhaps the most outrageous understating of what has often been been a quite casually like that the lone American student who rode with all South girls on a bus to Wash. again, but Thanksgiving reportedly procured a trophy or two, himself—though he isn't talking about it much.

From what I have said it would be too easy to think that an open road trip (in a nostalgic way, by that matter) necessarily involves such things as no regard for the rules of the road, or any women at all, indeed neither a slightest concern.

Last fall, for instance, my next-door neighbor returned to his room after depending too much and that at a road, but Saturday night, simply opening his door, he found another young lot of his acquaintance around asleep in his bed with a young man, one of his acquaintances. On Sunday, after a somewhat party had left for other party, my neighbor and the lady who had shared his bed (without him) began to take the history of the party by surprise, the two of them went up for a mail trip, and they found one way more to write me along. In the flow of an hour, off the New York, where we found several fine post spots, as rapidly the management General Park at 2 A.M.

the Statue Island Ferry for several trips back and forth, and then up the Tappan Zee Bridge to Poughkeepsie, on driving on the main of parked cars, to get the lady in question back to Poughkeepsie for a 4.00 ride.

As we sat together in the lobby of her home at 5.00 in the morning, my neighbor asked the (faded) pictures of young ladies gazing at the two of us and "and" and "and" to the back (faded).

"What's wrong?" he said. "We do work well!" It certainly was not the work well as we were in accordance with the rest of that week, but it was an awfully good credit for that time of the morning.

There are many other such trips, each unique in its conception and execution, which are generally given the "open" and the rest of my other possible measuring stick. Included in the group would be the week-long trip taken in February on and winter (a paper on similarly selected topics to answer them to the South).

Some of the closed voyages to places like the University of Wisconsin (where The Call is) answer to that effect, but I would suspect that they within the same of. These trips generally amount to no more than lunch with coffee or lunchtime and when the girl is like a fool, the whole can be hardly put to the effect. (One of these which are mostly was once involved a flower man's journey several years ago to what he thought was the University of Illinois but which turned out to be the University of Iowa. If you think about it for a minute, that probably isn't a very hard mistake to make, but it's not pretty damn funny.)

I am personally very attached to the whole road trip idea. There are groups to the three hundred—any thousands—like it, at that regard. But as both a driver and a student of the institution, I am afraid I am afraid of one particularly serious development which could conceivably top the road trip of its essential substance and drive. There is a dangerous trend to the so-called road tripping for its own sake exclusively.

This trend was typified recently by a group of Davenport students who happened in a row down toward the first or two hours and returned directly to Davenport—without stopping anywhere for more than a few minutes. Now that is a description of a great deal. The road trip must be a means to go out, never an end, so to speak. Why? If this sort of thing were to come to the attention of the League of Nations, we'll I can't say what the result might be. You know, they might even use our students into conventional encounters with them, coming across and all the rest. And wouldn't that be about?



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# FOOTBALL

(Continued from page 7)

that any old garden seat with pockets large enough to hold a supply of beer and a thermos bottle will suffice. Making sure that you sit a seat that will sit a full view of the game is another matter, however.

There are those who will insist along with all the other choices of the league that the fifty-yard line is the proper full appreciation of the game. Most in the first place, anyone and everyone sitting on that mid-strip will see a pretty heavy movement of traffic back and forth. TOPPERS advise you to sit on the temporary line.

Leave them, your home as they say the action really gets rough if all the home team that's defending the place that you can't really dance over that is hope of old Alvin Karpis are going to beat themselves to prevent themselves from winning. On the other hand, if it's the home team that's pressing for a no position, then you're right there where the action happens. There are some on the fifty-yard line even use a chess player over the middle as long as they're home sitting there.

While we're on this matter of game seats we might not as well get out of the action that anyone sitting down at

the same level in the play is prepared in getting the inside picture. Football, like any kind of market, needs a little perspective.

There are not many that you have to sit among the seats, joined with Mergers Insurance, actually the best seating in the house, at the twenty-yard line is where in fifteen is barely even where the field. There's the same spot, considering, where a billion lot of "spotters" sit, busy with phones to their coaches.

Now that we've got you properly seated, the diagrams will return somewhat to the "other" things to do at a football game. About half-time at least, the kids are getting pretty dry—while the old bladders are beginning to swell.

Unless you happen to be a doctor—the only thing for this is the "other" "necessities" for all these necessary functions. After all, if you're playing the middle role of the program, you're not a lot more of the good cheerleaders than even their future husbands will see before the marriage night. What's to lose?

Performance, even if you really dig the sound of a big band. There's hardly a place within five miles of the stadium where you won't be able to hear it, so that why records are such a big seller

outside the game.

The second half of any football game, we say as well want you right now, say 15 minutes more having or more on, sitting down the first half. Mostly it will depend on what kind of game you're watching. For example, armed with beer, bladders and available seats, you sit on the twenty-yard line. When you're up from the field and watch Mike Mason play Peckish U. Well, you can count on seeing only half the action—those times when the back are coming for your side of the field. For the rest of such a game, you can relax, drink, and even get on a little smoking under that big blanket you brought along.

Sometimes then, the really "in" football spectators is fully equipped, fully upholstered with the classical comfortable elements of the game, and perhaps not fully polished. After all, it gets awfully awfully cold up in those old stadiums without a little thick a bag of that old-fashioned warm blanket—and the aforementioned must be a matter of fact it's probably the good reason why the diamond sport even became so popular in the first place.

What they do in fancy California or in those stadiums where the Michigan game is something else again. Who even heard of drinking most players at half time?



"Why don't we slip into something more comfortable?"

(Continued from page 170)

"Well, why in the hell do you run around in my life like that?"

"Is something wrong, sir?"

"Do you know anything against me?"

"You too much to run, sir."

"You think it's cheaper to fool a lawyer?"

"I just have it down on Mr. Foster's list."

"Where Mr. Foster?"

"The pub keeper."

"How do you get back and forth to the pub?"

"I live there."

"At the Fox and Hounds?"

"Yes, sir."

"How many rooms at the hotel?"

"I'm tired of blind lawyers, sir."

"Look here, lieutenant, I'm trying to get along with you. You've got to start making a little sense. What kind of public relations do you think you're conducting with the damn newspaper? You're making a laughing stock of the whole town!"

"People in the village think it's a good idea, sir."

"They do, eh? Well, I don't. Do you realize what an absurd spectacle you present—an officer of the United States Air Force riding around on a NASTO we have in the public house and bazaar?"

"Bazill, sir."

"MILK?"

"It's as comfortable as any one I've ever ridden in."

"Well, you'd better try another one, lieutenant, uncomfortable as not. I don't want to see or hear about that any again. Do you understand?"

"Yes, sir."

"Just tell me one more thing, lieutenant."

"Yes, sir."

"Where the real rooms you're running around in that stuff?"

"Well, sir, it's hard to say... I kind of like the way it sits back on the chairingday. I guess, And the whole shape of the thing. It's sort of sort of..."

"That will be all, Bazill."

The next day Charlie took the morning off and rode to the nearest town, ten miles away. He needed his milk and barely five pounds to a jet chair for a black 1938 hearse. It was badly rusted and the drive panel on the driver's side had been shattered but it ran well. He had some trouble driving out of town. The streets were muddy and not new, and at several corners he had to back up to get around.

The car had no income plates. At

the main gate, the Air Policeman stopped Charlie and asked for identification. He couldn't see through the shattered glass, Charlie couldn't roll down the window because the handle was missing. He sat waiting.

"Roll down your window, mate," the guard growled.

Charlie tried the door, but it wouldn't come from the inside. He did knock the last and climbed out the other side. When the guard saw he got here he backed away, sniggered an embarrassed salute and muttered "Sorry, sir."

"A national mistake," Charlie said.

"When you had that checked at the motor pool, sir?"

"Just bought it," Charlie said.

"Think it needs a shaking?"

The answer was hesitant "Might be a little thing."

"Horsepower," Charlie said. "Well, well, sir." He climbed back in. As he slammed the door the motor handle fell off. The guard ran around the car, pulled it up, jammed it through the window. "Caravan," Charlie said.

He pulled the bell and drove to the Officer's Club. He did not get to the car yet as the Wing Commander was walking across the parking lot. Good afternoon, sir, Charlie said.

The colonel stopped. His eyes crossed up, his mouth widened as if he had noticed something disagreeable. "What in the hell have you got there, Bazill?"

"My new car, sir."

"Why that's... that's that's a doghouse!"

"That's an insult to me and to the United States Air Force."

"No, I'm sorry, sir."

"What is it—a hearse?"

"That's right, sir—an old hearse."

"How long do you think you can drive around that time in a hearse, lieutenant?"

"It runs well enough, sir."

"Why are you even in for the road? Can you see any three windows?"

"Most of the time, sir."

"How are you, Bazill? That horse and buggy of yours was..."

"Bazill, sir."

"MILK, DAMN IT! That was bad enough, but that's madhouse... and it's dangerous. I don't know what in the hell you think you're up to, but I'm giving you one more chance. You got something important that you can drive around the base or I'll have you... Just get that rotten hearse out of my station. Do you understand, lieutenant?"

"Yes, sir," Charlie said as the colonel stalked away.

Charlie took the next day off and drove to the suburbs of London

where, from a construction company, he bought a second-hand motorcar. Several miles accounted for a dried track. The huge motor hearse was rusted with old cement, the front three were caked with mud, and the car was gray, covered with rusted dirt. But Charlie didn't mind. The car was right just off the ground, and when he first climbed in he felt a surge of power just from galling around the rusted-out yard. They wouldn't take him home on a trucking, so he considered it. It took him six hours to drive the dirty motor back to the base because he'd never driven a second rig before.

The next morning he banged out the window as he passed the main gate and shouted, "It's me!" The wing kept to salute, he got stuck on Charlie's map up the hill as he went. There wasn't enough room at head of his office to park, so he parked the truck in front of the Officer's Club. It covered nine spots.

Charlie usually ate lunch at the Fox and Hounds. At noon he came back to the club to get his lunch and drive into the village. As he was driving the car stopped when someone pulled in next to him in a staff car and looked out before the motor died.

"What in hell are you doing now, lieutenant?"

"Going out to lunch, sir."

"Is it a decent menu?"

"It's my new car, sir."

"Are you out of your mind, Bazill?"

"It's really safe this time, no matter at around, and you're up up here where you can see everybody. Come on up and see how it looks!" Charlie was talking out the window, looking down twice fast as the colonel's car drove fast into the subject's narrow lane.

"You come down here, Bazill. Get out of that truck. What do you think it's carrying here—a machine?"

"No."

The colonel was shouting up at Charlie. Other officers, coming to the club for lunch had parked their cars and were gathering around the motor.

"Get out of that truck, lieutenant. My office is my command. I'm going to drive a decent motor back and forth to work."

"I cost me two hundred dollars, sir."

"I don't care what it cost."

"When like a steam especially for a second hand model. Listen to this."

Charlie started the engine. Then started the motor running. It held on around. The noise of its parts clanking and moving together echoed around inside the overgrown hearse. The engine rumbled. Charlie



# The Historian

Continued from page 107

Alfred thought a long minute, then smiled slowly.

"There are some better things," he said smiling, "I have known some."

"The best?" Blue said. "Let us discuss the best."

Alfred drew the knife and turned on the television set on the shelf behind the bar. The signal was very remote.

"There is a strange thing about me," he was now thoughtful, then confident, and "I am always on the side of the revolution."

Blue said matter-of-factly "It is the revolution."

"Precisely," Alfred said. "After all you have seen our revolution. It is not only to be always on the side of the revolution."

Blue did not say anything.

"As you mentioned, possibly it is the environment. I was never exposed to nature, to a genuine 'log'."

"Some of the logs were very good," Blue said.

"Did you ever observe a long distant revolution?"

"Well," Blue said, "he was not a long, strictly, and it was not really a revolution. But he thought it was, and he was very good. They have."

"It he thought it truly," Alfred said. "It was as good as being a long. It is all in the mind."

"Not exactly. There are always the machine guns and the burning gasoline. If it were only in the mind."

"If I were surrounded with a fire, perhaps I should be against a revolution, even then," Alfred said.

"I had better tell you about Matthew," Blue said. "You may not be here tomorrow."

"I will be here," Alfred said. "I have been here a hundred years already."

He looked away at them, and then the expression faded out of his face and he was not looking at anything, and then neither of them was looking at anything.

Alfred whispered, "I do not have the machine gun now."

He rose toward the bar and they went quickly through the door into the bar where half of the street and still they could not hear the singing. They went across the dusty street and past the shops and the flying sign with the words in the last of the hall above the stone headwater carved on the face the historical line of the sea. The people of the village were gathering

there, across the street respectively from the village. The street was there, and the village with the very young blood. He was holding a microphone and he was standing at the other two villages, who were passing, their way constantly among the big stones as they worked their way out on the landscape.

The singing had stopped.

The girl was not on the radio. She had not, but she was laughing, for she was more aware when the village came close and at last they stood over her, suddenly, for a long moment, and the silence on the shore went heavily at them. Finally they got their rifle over their shoulders on the steps and stopped and looked up at the girl between them.

The poor and girl was dead of course. She had been out there on the radio beneath the bar was in three days, and she was quite dead. The village put her down in the dust, covering heavily, and the people of the village looked at her without love or love or pity or regret. You could not even tell any more whether she had been young, or pretty, you could not imagine how she might have looked when she laughed or when she cried.

The village with the very young blood turned and walked his feet in the dust, and looked that out into the street where the two great guns and walked away. The land was all locked, his hands the red and his wings dropped and he made a blinding shape at the village. For a moment the man with the very young blood watched the changing guns and slowly, then not slowly he yelled shattering with rage and grief and brought up the machine gun and fired. He fired at the children in short savage bursts and kept firing until the clip was empty and there was nothing but dust and feathers in the air, and deep footprints in the mud surface village in sight.

Blue and the historian were already back on the street. They went into the end chamber and Alfred went behind the bar and turned their planes and drew them full of beer. The television set played naturally.

Finally Alfred said, "There is a war problem. If only they understood, this class would be to send for revolution."

Blue did not say anything.

"What do you think?"

"I think it is better if you do not think too much about revolutions in your maturity."

"Precisely," Alfred said. "Anyway, I will tell you now about the girl, and the singing. Her husband was very young in the revolution, when it will was very dangerous."

"And the police caught him."

"Do you know the story after all?"

"I know the beginning and the end, like that. 'He I may have remembered, I am a historian. Only the death date'."

"Perhaps you mean the death," Alfred said. "The police took him to the basement of their building, but even after several days he would not tell them the things they wished to know about the revolution. So they brought him into the basement of the police station. They put him in one again and they put him in another and they permitted him to listen to last screen. Then they brought a plate down the room where he was and showed it to him, and for several minutes he did not realize what the poor bloody object upon the plate was."

"But then he did, and heard, and they threw water on him and finally when she was able to tell them what they wanted to know of the revolution."

"I do not know why I bother to tell you."

"It is the detail."

"Yes," Alfred said. He was very grey now. "Well, all right, the old man when they wanted to know because they had promised to release his husband and when it was over they brought him in and these boys on the floor and began to laugh and it was quite a while before they noticed that they had set the plate before him again and that poor thing was very busy of the poor bloody object on it."

"Yes," Blue said gently. "But there was more."

"It must be a true thing," Alfred said. "That you are a historian. There is a little more. The man has husband taken, possibly the second half and he said to her, 'You betrayed the revolution. You betrayed all our friends for me!' And she said, 'Yes, for you. But of course it didn't help. I am very proud, to say that naturally I cannot hear the church, and after that he killed himself'."

Common? You think the last of the time as he goes and in the silence stands out.

"And now," he said slowly, "you would like to know what it was that Edwin Lee Mathews said in the club house after the fifth issue of the 1937 World Series at the moment when you television set in those killed pool?"

He leaned forward and cupped his hand and whispered the words, and in the room suddenly there was a change over light, and a sound of wings, and the light dimmed and there was the noise of breaking glass and a biting set of fangs and then nothing. The television set had blown up.

In the chamber, Alfred said, "The two are finished."







"Shall I send my legs?"

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